TITLED GERMAN WOMAN'S DIARY OF GREAT WAR

Moving Human Document Written by Louise, Countess Schoenborn, Who Served on the Knights of Malta Hospital Train

THE NEW YORK HERALD is able to present herewith one of the most moving human documents that has come out of Germany since the war. It consists of extracts from the diary of Louise, Countess Schoenborn of Bayrischzell, Oberbayern, Bavaria, who has consented to their publication by The Herald, into whose hands they came through a titled English friend of the Countess.

The Countess's own diary reflects the reactions upon a sensitive and expressive mind of the great events on the battle lines, through the grisly shadows of which she passed at close range. They reveal that back of the other battle line there were people who felt about the war and its horrors as people did on this side and who were sad and happy as the fortune of battle flowed for or against them just as people were sad or happy in millions of English, French and American homes.

To-day's instalment of the diary of the Countess covers the war up to August 5, 1917, when after a trip to the western front the Countess went on leave. It includes letters from Prince Henry of Bavaria, who served in the Balkans.

The concluding instalment next week is even more graphic and pictures the closing days of the war, the German revolution and flight of the Kaiser. Also in this instalment are letters from the ex-Kaiser's sister, the Duchess of Saxe-Meiningen, Princess of Prussia, written to Countess Louise in 1917, 1918 and 1919.

Special Correspondence to THE NEW YORK HERALD.

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HOPES and fears of the German aristocracy during the late war are presented first hand to-day for the first time in the accompanying leaves from the diary of Louise, Countess Schoenborn, who as Sister Louise served for four years on the Knights of Malta hospital train operating under the German Red Cross. The train was officially known as "S-2" and was commissioned in December, 1914. After inspection by the late Kaiserin and the mission of American surgeons at Wildpark Station, Berlin, it was sent to the Polish front.

"With the exception of the two surgeons and the military transport officer," wrote the Countess, "the whole staff of the hospital train consisted of monks and nuns. I had been trained in a hospital at home till the spring of 1915 and, in spite of my not having reached the required age, had been appointed as one of the two lay sisters on board, whose families had necessarily to belong to the Knights of the Order of Malta."

Countess Louise of Schoenborn is now a busy woman of affairs in Bavaria. She is about to publish a Christmas book of pantomimes and short stories entitled "Yussum, the Wooden Fetish," illustrated by her Royal Highness the Duchess of Bavaria, in a special subscription edition of 350 copies.

Diary Begins May 1, 1915, Train on Way to Ypres

The first leaf from the diary of the Countess is of May 1, 1915, just before the hospital train started for the front near Ypres. She writes:

May 1, 1915—Warm, sunshiny, spring weather, and we are leaving to-morrow for the West! There, near the Rhine, stands the imposing hospital train of the Rhenish Westphalian Order of Malta, combining with the Red Cross on a white field the arms of the order—the figure of the Blessed Virgin. More than half a mile in length, the train is made up of twenty-five ambulance cars, two kitchen cars, an operation car, a laundry car and cars for the staff and stores.

In each ambulance car is a Brother of St. Camillus and one of us lay sisters, whose work it is to look after the twelve beds day and night, to fetch the meals, carrying the food over the unsteady, rocking platforms through thirteen cars, often six days and nights at a stretch, on the journey from the field to the base hospital. The kitchen, laundry and operation car work falls to the share of the eight nuns.

Our train, at the disposal of the Fourth Army, leaves Crefeld in the direction of Roulers, passes Aix-la-Chapelle, through unknown regions to Belgium, the land which is on every one's lips. New forms, fresh trees greet us in the bright sunshine of May. And soon Liege rises before us, the mighty fortress, and still the train throbs on through Verviers, Tirlemont, Malines, to Louvain.

Is it possible that a land over which whole armies have rolled can smile so gayly, flower so beautifully and the green corn stand so high? Here and there labyrinths of barbed wire, charred factories, solitary soldiers' graves mark the fields. Bavarian Landsturm men guard the railway—they wave their hands; we let newspapers flutter out of the windows toward them.

The Russian cattle from Courland are feeding quietly on those lovely meadows, and between them the heavy Belgian horses are stamping. Before the houses the dark, lowering faces of the villagers; the women stare at us with furious expressions—a dreary sight!

Her Heart Aches at Sight Of Wrecked City of Louvain

Louvain—A sight that makes one's heart ache; a chaos of gaunt, roofless walls and gables, of black and smoking ruins, often amidst absolutely intact houses. Finger posts to point out where the calm and sensible and where the madly frantic have been.

May 3—Onward toward Ghent. The train has reached its destination. All is bustle within the cars. We fetch the sheets from the laundry car and prepare the beds.

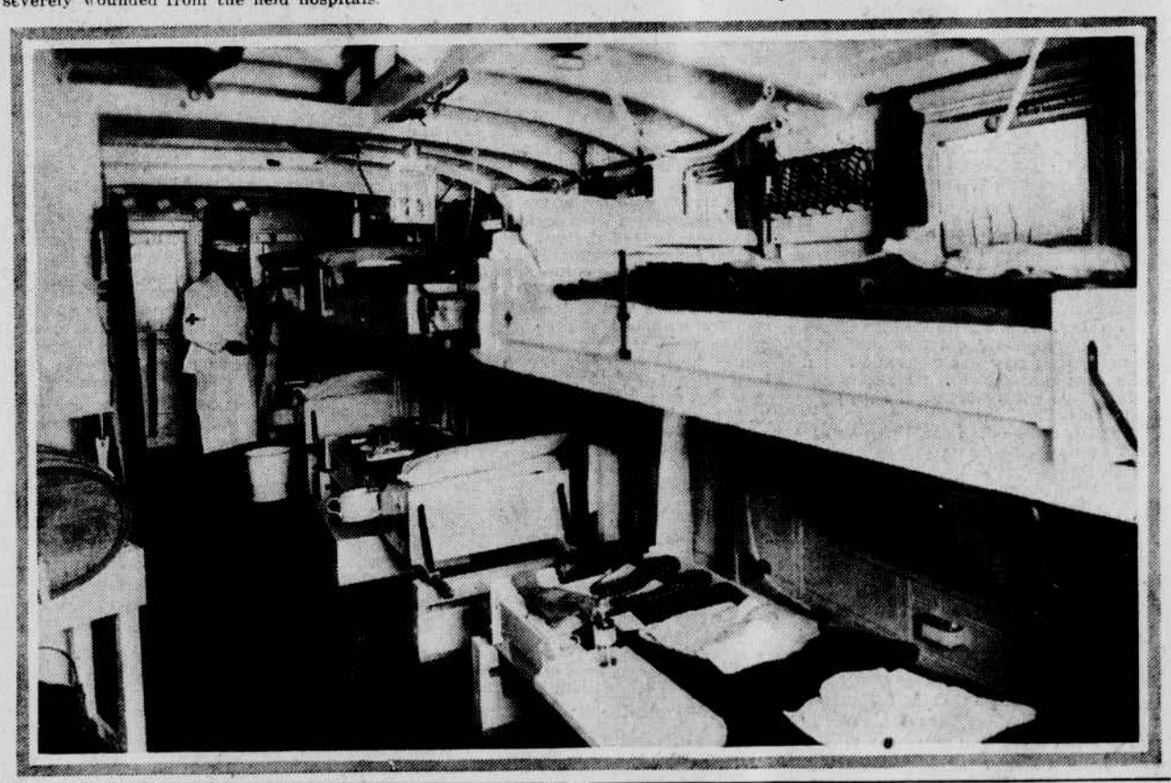
Sunday—Mass is being said in the operation car, where our little altar has been arranged.

The unceasing roar of cannon from the distance makes our train vibrate. Another hospital train arrives from the front packed with wounded in blood soaked bandages from Ypres, that fire hell. The English had fired 13,000 shells; the day before a German forty-two pounder had scattered an enemy division, whose advance the aeronauts had noted.

"Can you hold the position on the canal?" the seadogs of our marine division were continually asked. "It will be held!" A fearful task; fire being poured into their flanks. And each mutilated man arriving, with bandaged head and limbs, salutes. "Eyes right!"—wonderfully disciplined!

Finally we move on through Bruges, Thourout to Roulers; and further; we draw up two miles before Ypres. The railway rampart is crowded with wounded. On account of the attacks from airships we load at night. Searchlights sweep the darkness, rattling motor cars bring us the severely wounded from the field hospitals.

Louise, Countess Schoenborn, in her garb as a lay sister on the Knights of Malta hospital train operated under the German Red Cross.



One of the ambulance cars (wards) on the hospital train where "Sister Louise," Countess Schoenborn, served as an attendant throughout the war, after four days and nights without rest.

Duty begins. The thundering roar grows louder and louder. The shells burst around us. A night like pitch. Lightning flashes through the air. They are attacking with gas—and advancing on Ypres!

May 9—A fresh tour takes us again through these endless tunnels of Liege, to the army this time. To-night we get on very slowly, with blinded lights. Next morning we arrive at Douai. Nervous excitement at the station there. Many wounded and ten killed by an airplane attack. Hostile airplanes have thrown twenty-one bombs on the town. This was the reason why we could not run into the station! Ugly scenes, where such bombardments have just taken place.

Victim of German Gas When Cylinders Break

May 12—Loison—We are to take in our wounded here. While preparing a gas attack the troops were transporting a car of gas cylinders, and some of these fell and broke, driving up a dense cloud of gas toward me. With red and burning eyes, struggling for breath, I just managed to escape from the region of the sulphurous poison. Enormously high above us an airplane is hovering, drawing nearer in its course toward the German captive balloon. It attacks; the defending guns answer. Tiny white clouds spring into being.

Soon we reach the station of Lens, which is lying under fire. The noise is diabolic, as if four heavy thunderstorms were crashing one on another. The train stands sheltered by a hill, for we are in the fire line. Only last night shells burst on the rails.

I climb the hill and stand gazing as intently as my gas burnt eyes will permit. About three hundred paces before me lies the first heavy battery, a little further on the black, leafless trees of an avenue lying in the fire of the English artillery; behind me is a ruined church tower. Gray desolation; every creature has fled! Whizzing shells fly through the air over the Lorette hill.

The thunder grows louder—near La Bassee they are preparing for an attack. We are just in the angle Lorette-Arras-La Bassee, on all flanks they are firing. Very hard work is being done, and very bloody work too. We dare not stay longer than absolutely necessary in this exposed position. The train is already overfilled with seriously wounded—poor mangled bodies! Their uniforms, crusted with dirt and blood, must be cut away from their tortured limbs. Some lie dying, faint and delirious, most of them have not tasted food for more than four days, having been cut off from the camp kitchen.

In one of those weird nights at Douai the Duchess Charles of Bavaria and her sister, the Archduchess of Austria, brought us the wounded soldiers from their hospital themselves, so many that we hardly knew where to accommodate the suffering warriors.

Letters From Prince Henry Written From Serbian Front

Two letters from Prince Henry of Bavaria received from our poste restante at Aix-la-Chapelle. One from Stip and one from Bujanovce, January 16:

We are here near Vranje and Kumanovo in a little town, mending the road, so that we may go on marching when the mud is less deep. We are in the former Turkish part of Serbia, and a great part of the inhabitants are Muesulmans. I rode over to look at a Turkish village some days ago. The officers had told the village people that a "Sultan Germani" was coming! So when I arrived they came to look at me, admiring my Turkish decorations and pulling at them. Happily I did not catch any fleas, and otherwise the good people were such jolly persons, shaking hands with me and "salaaming."

The Macedonians are very pro-German. To-day there was an orthodox marriage in a wealthy peasant family. We went to church to witness the ceremonies, which were very interesting.

The scenery is very picturesque here, and one might have lovely gallops if the turf were less crumbling. On the whole, I am most pleased to be in the Balkans, loving uncivilized countries as I do. I never felt homesickness except in Flanders, where I never saw a mountain.

Field letter from Prince Henry of Bavaria at Stip:

In Constantinople we went to see the Sultan, who was most amiable, though the whole audience had to be managed by the Lord Chamberlain, Djenani Bey, who acted as an interpreter. We exchanged all kinds of Oriental "politesses," and at the end of the interview he said he hoped I should not expose myself too much at the front, whereupon I said: *"Dieu me protegera, car nous combattons pour une cause sainte et juste!"* Whereupon Djenani Bey answered: *"S. M. I. priera pour V. A. R."*

This gentleman, like all the other chamberlains, looked quite as European as ours; all the more quaint, therefore are the elaborate bows and salaams they make before the Sultan. Djenani is a great Wagnerian, and has attended our festivals several times.

I also made the acquaintance of Enver Pasha. This immensely powerful man is only 35! He speaks both French and German, and is of the *genre "main de fer dans un gant de velours."* He reminds one of a very graceful but exceedingly sharp rapier. There are also Sephardims or Spaniols here, the Spanish Jews, who after being driven out of Spain in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries settled down in the north of Saloniki.

I was very sorry not to meet either of their Majesties at Sofia, as the Czar is one of the most interesting and witty men. I ever met.

May 15—We are sent to Douai with the greater part of the train, where Crown Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria inspects us, going through all the cars, speaking very kindly to the wounded and the ambulance staff. In the name of the army he thanked me for all the work done. We were very happy to greet him, I especially, as the only Bavarian particularist on a Prussian train!

The Countess then permits a gap of a year to occur and resumes with a letter from Prince Henry of Bavaria dated "Before Verdun May, 1916":

I wonder if reasonable Frenchmen believe the revolting and at the same time ridiculous news of the *Figaro*, an article "L'Infame Berceau," that soldiers of the German Crown Prince's army dedicated to his baby daughter a hand carved cradle on which was written: "Stained with French blood!" Are they all mad there?

Then comes another letter from Prince Henry of Bavaria dated August 8, 1916:

Here in the Tyrol I have got an Austrian and a Hungarian battalion to lead. The other day a lot of Italian prisoners were brought in, very gay, and on our asking them, they said they were *contentissimi*, and loudly shrieked *"Finita la guerra!"*

The mother of the Duchesse Hedwige d'Aremberg, the Princess Ligne, nee Gontardt-Biron, was extremely good to two of our officers, who would otherwise certainly have been badly treated!

Again comes a gap in the diary of the Countess, the record being resumed in January, 1917, with the hospital train off again.

January, 1917—Will the submarine war be really intensified? If the blockade cordon be tightened round the throats of our helpless women and children there is no other way out of its stifling embrace.

The Emperor seems to be easily influenced.

January 27—Travelling again! Darmstadt left behind. On our train this damp cold is anything but pleasant. To save coals they heat but scantily. Result, frozen pipes and explosions, making my ambulance car useless. On the platforms the snow gathers in heaps and balls, the fetching of food grows more difficult and tiresome, the doors are jammed and the crossing of the icy, slippery platforms requires the fine balance of a mountaineer on a glacier, especially with those unexpected jolts of the Belgian rails!

We overcome these climatic influences by studying travels through the tropics in free hours. How marvellous to cross India or make a voyage through the Torres-strait, passing Samboanga in the night, when the sky glitters like diamonds and the sea stands on fire! And here so cold and dark, so that every one is freezing, inwardly as well as outwardly. Icicles and frozen roofs. Dead days! Where is the sun?

Countess Prays for Peace And Speaks of Panic Fear

St. Quentin, February, 1917—Here, in face of the huge, tragic struggle, one grows quieter and more thoughtful, whilst in the distant towns one often is seized with panic fear as before something huge and intangible amidst the confusion. But the time is near when the moon will be tinged with blood and the stars will "fight in their courses!" Soon the lofty dome will be nothing but a reminiscence.

St. Quentinus, pray for us!

Pray for peace!

February, 1917.—Our train is standing at Magdeburg. Depth of winter again; great blocks of ice are floating down the Elbe. Snow is falling silently in masses. To get across the ice covered connecting platforms of the cars we have to struggle and wrestle with the doors, which won't yield, and when once wrenched open can scarcely be shut in the teeth of the stiff gale.

As soon as the last of the wounded are detrained I fall into the deep and dreamless sleep of exhaustion; have not been out of my clothes for five days and six nights, only occasionally snatching a half hour's doze in the night. Each car is full of dangerous cases, and the spectre of mortal combat and bloodshed drives the wholesome sleep from one's eyelids.

At 6 o'clock in the morning, unrefreshed, with hot eyes and a creeping feeling of numbness lulling all my senses, I balance myself through more than a dozen coaches to fetch the general coffeepot, fighting with obstinate doors and giddily rocking platform bridges before I can get hold of a pail of hot water for washing up and cleaning.

Then the patients get their medicaments, drugs or tonics; their temperature is taken; the doctor's visit follows, wounds are dressed; all this interrupted by the jolting and shocks of the train and the frequent recurrence of tunnels!

What a relief it is when the train is standing still and one can jump out with the dinner pail and run to fetch the meals only the initiated can tell! The men like our food.

We are on duty sometimes more than a hundred hours at a stretch. Add to the fatigue rain and cold, smoke and soot.

Tells of Deportations From Northern France

The kitchen sisters have a hard life of it in the very narrow kitchen car, where cooking is done for more than 300 persons. Even when the train is empty work never ceases; stocks of linen to be mended, scrubbing, window cleaning, and very often cleansing with lysol to get rid of these impudent lice! Joltings, shakings, sudden halts in which all the movable things come tumbling on our heads. These little irrepressible jokes have been going on now for months; for most of us for years. They subdue you and keep you from becoming too "beany."

Oculi, Sunday, March 15, Northern France. The transportation of the civil inhabitants from the war zone is being carried out; they are either to be transferred to Belgium or conveyed through Switzerland to another part of France.

Scanty furniture is being brought up to the train, bundles of washing and old clothes. The people don't seem unhappy at leaving; the bursting shells have been threatening their homes for weeks. They seem rather to look forward to a change; it can hardly be worse!

Spring, 1917—Spring laden with snowy blossoms marches triumphantly through the land. Who could believe that a few weeks ago it was burdened with snow? In the mountains at home the gentian is in flower—dark blue as the sky overhead!

It is the season which always reminds me of the few weeks spent in England seven years ago. I had just left school. A wonderfully radiant time; I am just glancing at my jottings about my visit:

"The Kaiser races a mailboat from Flushing to Port Victoria. His Majesty's opponent is the Dutch mailboat Prins Hendrik—on which we are standing and watching. We start almost level and just at the first we shoot ahead—the Dutch boat puts on every ounce of steam. But the Kaiser has no intention of getting beaten. The royal yacht is gaining on us, and passes us finally by the West Hinder Lightship. The Kaiser is on deck, seemingly enjoying the race immensely. She's certain to reach Port Victoria first!

"At 5:30 the first gun announces the Hohenzollern's arrival, and two minutes later, to the roar of artillery from ships and forts, she steams into sight—a magnificent white vision! On the bridge the Emperor is standing at the salute.

"All the English and Dutch ships run up the German standard. It is a marvellous sight at the unveiling of the Victoria Memorial. The two most powerful monarchs of Europe present, and a great display of Indian troops and bluejackets.

"We lunched at the Duke of Norfolk's. He and the Duchess were both very kind. Next day House of Lords, debating the home rule bill and Canada affairs. Naval tournament — Oxford — Arundel Castle—Windsor"—this is not the place to revel in such delightful memories! A short spring dream amidst the terrors of the war of nations!

German Transport System Begins to Break Down

From Arras heavy English artillery is booming day and night, airplane alarm—I begin to loathe it. Why can't it end when every leaf, every blossom is promising repose and peace?

Our train is victualled from the Etappes. The provisioning is very difficult from here (in Douai), as the heavy bags have to be transported on goods trains for quite a distance. While waiting we attend lectures in the operation car, besides doing a lot of scrubbing and cleaning. Our next unloading depot will be at the sea.

On tour—Yesterday loading behind the front; aviators attack on railway. Some people killed not far from us, natives of the place—civilians. Airplanes were aiming at the railway bridge near the station. Terrific noise, it made me and my soldiers tremble. Nothing left to us but to stand there as a target, without being able to defend ourselves! A house was demolished.

We are sent up to Hamburg with our load. What a joy after hard work to see a bit of the beloved sea again! Just as summer is near!

August 5, 1917, evening—We took up the wounded yesterday, left the front late last night. Thunderous cannonade going on. The inhabitants are in flight. The rails close to us are torn up by shells, wagons (railroad cars) all shattered. The English scatter their bombs over the railway line; one explodes a few yards in front of our engine. When and where will the next one burst? The wounded are nervous listening to that infernal noise. It is night and we are to take up three cars full of soldiers without any lights. That makes the work more difficult and gloomy. Everything within twenty kilometers distance is trembling. . . . "We have gazed into hell—and carry that terrific spectacle in our hearts all our lives."

And these human beings, brothers all! Children of one heavenly Father, lying there mangled and bleeding, shrieking and groaning, or dead on the battlefield, one close to the other, illuminated palely by the same moon. . . . and over them whirl clumps of iron, shot into the air automatically, crossing each other in waves of ether, day and night! . . . Spirits stand before you and beckon. . . . Eternity is so fearfully near. I thought I saw the stars tremble!

Alloy for Watches Cuts Down Errors

A DISCOVERY described as being capable of revolutionizing the watchmaking industry has just been announced by C. E. Guillaume, director of the International Bureau of Weights and Measures. A successful method of regulation, remedying the variations in time of a watch due to the expansion and contraction of its parts caused by variations of temperature, is the result of Mr. Guillaume's invention.

This so-called "secondary error" always has been one of the great obstacles in the attainment of perfection and precision in the watchmaking industry.

The chief feature of Mr. Guillaume's new process is a change in the alloy used in the compensating parts. The minimum expansion of nickelled steel was found to be increased by the addition of 12 per cent. of chrome as well as a small quantity of tungsten, manganese or carbon. By mounting a spiral of this steel-nickel-chrome alloy in the watch, according to Mr. Guillaume's announcement, the problem of compensation has been solved and the "secondary error" removed.